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FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1915.

Affinities

WATCH the country boys who come to the city to seek their fortunes. Some turn to the Y. M. C. A. for companionship and some to the saloons. It is needless to select the road to success; countless volumes have been written on both sides of this subject.

If you are coarse in your tastes and vicious in your tendencies, you do not have to try very hard to get with coarse, vicious people; the law of attraction causes them to seek you. Those who aspire to get on and up in the world very quickly find those who are trying to do the same, and association with them is natural.

We make our own associations, and these form fully one-half of our success or failures in life.

We are told by some of the superoptimistic that the improvement in business conditions is reflected in the money movement of the large financial centers of the United States. This is quite a discovery.

Time for Governor to Act

THERE seems no reason to doubt that conditions at Hopewell require the active intervention of the State authorities. As a general proposition, we oppose the interference of the State in matters purely local, but Hopewell is getting to be the sort of advertisement that Virginia neither needs nor wants, and the police force of the town manifestly is unable or unwilling to meet the situation.

It is not pleasant to read in the newspapers of New York, Baltimore and Washington extended descriptions of the Hopewellian activities—to have that community, only a few miles from the capital of Virginia, compared to some oil or mining town of the wild and woolly West, with lurid accounts of its addiction to gambling, illegal liquor selling and worse vices.

Virginia really has no right to permit such conditions to continue, and we have no doubt that Governor Stuart will take such steps as may prove to be necessary.

A postal card mailed in a New York town thirty-four years ago has just been delivered in a New Jersey town. Why doesn't New Jersey get on the map?

Good Results of Tax Law

VIRGINIA counties that are sending in their returns of land assessments to the State Auditor show an agreeable increase in values. Without exception, assessments are heavier than they were for the preceding year. How much of this is due to the fact that the segregation tax law requires communities to look to real estate for a larger share of their revenue, we do not know, but the increase itself is encouraging.

It is notorious that in most of the counties land has been underassessed for years, a situation particularly unfair to the cities, where a relatively high assessment is an economic necessity. Now that the counties are beginning to realize that they must look to themselves to supply their own funds, a greater equality reasonably may be expected.

Despite some obvious crudities, the tax segregation law is justifying already the wisdom of its advocates. Its imperfections can and should be removed at the next session of the General Assembly, and with this necessary work effected, the system will demonstrate its full utility.

While a congregation was afloat in a houseboat on a Connecticut lake the other day, the black bass got so busy that they broke up the prayer-meeting.

Necessity and Right

A DAY or two ago, discussing the German invasion of Belgium and the diplomatic interchange by which that violation of neutrality and plighted faith was preceded, we endeavored to show in what manner Germany constructs her military necessities. Invasion of Belgium was justified by the assertion that France was preparing to march across Belgium to the Rhine, of which intention on the part of France Germany declared she was in possession of "incontestable evidence."

That "incontestable evidence" has never been published, nor indeed any evidence whatever on this point. On the contrary, France had declared to Belgium, to England and to the world that Belgian neutrality would not be violated by her—that she was resolved faithfully to respect that neutrality. Nevertheless, and despite all pleading and all warning, the Kaiser persisted in his purpose. Invasion was "necessary" and, therefore, it was right.

It is worthy of note, perhaps, that the barbarities of submarine warfare are excused by a plea equally mendacious—the plea, that is, that England is starving Germany. Not only is this not a fact, for no one in Germany has suffered from any lack of life's necessities, but the orders in council, on which the statement is based, followed rather than preceded

SONGS AND SAWS

Ardity.

They say that thirst is something fierce
In West Virginia;
That frenzied cries the welkin pierce
In West Virginia;
That luckless wights, in that dry State,
Have nothing left to celebrate;
They'd rather far incinerate
Dear West Virginia.

The man who once a bracer took
In West Virginia;
Pants as the hart for running brook,
In West Virginia;
Of course, 'tis not for brooks he pines,
Nor ought that's built on water lines—
He wants real solace ere he dines
In West Virginia.

They hike to some more favored land
From West Virginia,
Drink vatted joys that now are banned
In West Virginia;
We see them on our streets to-day
With thirsts to quench and cash to pay—
Next year they'll go another way
From West Virginia.

Next year we'll pant as they pant now
In West Virginia;
With naught but a fevered brow
In all Virginia,
We'd like to differentiate
The mother from the daughter State,
But then the family we'll berate—
Too dry Virginia.

A Necessary Utensil.

The Gay Young Bird—
That's a queer sort of fish
Mother has brought home
for breakfast. I wonder if
she has thought to provide
a can opener.

The Penalist Says:
Some men are born mad, some achieve madness
and some get into arguments on the state
of the weather.

At the Seashore.
He—Don't you think Miss Sweetthing's bathing
suit gives her a particularly attractive appearance?

She (after a close inspection)—I don't think
the bathing suit can have anything to do with it.

Restricted.
"Do you believe in fairies?"
"Not in the plural. My engagement has just
been announced."

Prepared.
Grubbs—Jinks has just paved the way for a divorce.
Stubbs—What has he done now?
Grubbs—Got himself married.

Compensation.
I asked the Lordly Fisherman
If luck had come his way.
"Well, no," he murmured, with a sigh.
"I've caught no fish to-day.
But still, when I regard the facts,
My fate is not so tough—
My darling wife is far away,
That should be luck enough."

THE TATTLER.

Chats With Virginia Editors

"At Portland, Ore., Colonel Roosevelt found a chance to make another speech and said: 'I made two comprehensive statements on the Lusitania incident. I wrote two long articles on the Mexican situation. The sooner Uncle Sam acts on those statements and those articles the better it will be for the country.' It must be that Uncle Sam does not subscribe for those magazines which pay the Colonel for illuminating the universe."—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

The Newport News Press comes out strong on lynching statistics as follows: "According to statistics kept at Tuskegee Institute, thirty-four men were lynched in the first six months of the present year, thirteen more than were lynched in the corresponding period last year. Twenty-four of the victims were colored and ten were white. Six of the negroes and one of the whites were lynched for alleged assault upon women, and the rest for murder and other crimes down to hog stealing. The 'usual crime' is nothing like so 'usual' as formerly. But when the mob becomes bloodthirsty, the particular crime of the victim does not matter so much. Eight of the lynchings during the first half of 1915 occurred in the State of Georgia; and there would have been nine had the mob been able to lay its hands on Leo Frank. But not one of the lynchings was in dear old rum-soaked Virginia."

"We had thought," says the *Ranoke Times*, "that dueling in Virginia was a thing of the past and was relegated to the archives of history along with knee trousers and lace cuffs, but it seems as if we were mistaken. Two colored men, who had fallen out over a colored street's smile, met in the woods near Bedford City last Sunday, and in the language of the reporter of sixty years ago, they exchanged shots. When the smoke cleared away, one man was dead and the other was so seriously wounded that it is doubtful as to whether he will ever be able to give a lucid account of the matter. Half a dozen shots were fired. Because of the social status of the principals the affair will hardly become one of the famous duels of Virginia, but so far as effectiveness of fire and accuracy of aim are concerned, to say nothing of total casualties, the affair is about as conclusive as any of which we have heard."

The Clifton Forge Review, after waiting a time with patience for its editor to return from the annual meeting of the Virginia Press Association, which was pulled off in the wet city of Newport News, brings out some real news as follows: "Under the caption, 'News of Fifty Years Ago,' it was stated in one of the Richmond newspapers not many days since that a drink of whiskey could be purchased for 15 cents or two drinks for a quarter. As this is the price now charged for drinks in the average Richmond saloon, it would seem that the supply has not been great enough to bring the price down." What is going to trouble Editor Green's prohibition mountain friends is how in the thunderation he found out so much about the "price now charged for drinks in the average Richmond saloon."

Current Editorial Comment

Death of Sir James Murray.
In the death of Sir James Murray, the monumental New English Dictionary, now on the verge of completion, loses its editor, and the English-speaking world loses its most eminent philologist. Since 1878 Dr. Murray had been kept busy by his task, and the portion of the book which represents his personal labor is large. No philologist ever had a task like Murray's, which was nothing less than the compiling of a dictionary that should include every traceable form and meaning of every word in the English language since its inception. Let no one suppose this was merely dull lexicography. The very plan of the work, which was conceived by the late Archbishop Trench, was romantic, and while the most scientific principles of scholarship have been rigidly observed, there is evidence enough that the romantic nature of the undertaking has been appreciated by those engaged in it. When one considers that every shade of a word's meaning of which there is any record is here set down, it becomes apparent that one has here, not a mere antiquarian

monument, but a history of the inner life of the English race. The quotations that illustrate the meaning of a word have been assembled by hundreds of scholars from the world over, including not a few from the United States, and the arrangement of and comment upon this material—of which there have literally been tons—have been the stupendous work of Sir James Murray and his assistants. Dr. Murray's fame and his public honor have been honored that have been bestowed upon this great Scotchman need no mention at this time. It is less widely known that he was the father of eleven children. One of his sons is an assistant secretary of the British admiralty—Springfield Republican.

Foolish Critics of President.
A minority of the small minority of newspapers that deny the law and logic of President Wilson's third Lusitania note to the German government assert or insinuate that the positions taken by our government are a part of some "secret agreement with England." Such a thing as a "secret treaty" is legally impossible for the United States. That dirty practice of European diplomacy known as the "secret agreement" is morally impossible for an American statesman. Any American citizen who even suggests such a thing's existence defames the government to which he owes loyalty. Therefore, let us hope that the editors who so assert or insinuate are not conscious falsifiers, but in their absorption in study of the devious and dirty mazes of European intrigue have forgotten the honor and American history, American statesmanship and American ideals.—Chicago Herald.

News of Fifty Years Ago

(From Newspaper Files, July 30, 1865.)

Major-General Harry Heth, of Virginia—of Chesterfield County, to be exact—has been paroled, and is privileged to come home if he wants to, but he has been in prison so long he proposes to have a little outing of his own. He has gone to Cape May, N. J., to enjoy the sea breezes for a while before returning to Virginia.

The United States frigate, the Congress, sunk in Hampton Roads by the famous Confederate ram, the Merrimack, has been partially raised.

Judah P. Benjamin's law library, consisting of 650 volumes, which was confiscated by the military authorities in New Orleans some time ago, was sold at auction in that city a few days ago "on government account." The books averaged 35 cents per volume. In the meantime, Mr. Benjamin is enjoying his liberty in England.

A female writer in the Home Journal has startled the readers of that magazine by boldly advocating that women shall hereafter ride astride just as men do, and have been doing since horseback riding was first invented.

The Charlottesville Chronicle, which in its day was one of the most influential papers published in Virginia, has been revived. Mr. Southall, who was its war-time editor, still occupies the editorial chair.

The Hazlett-Crenshaw Mills, which were not burned on evacuation day, are at work, and they are doing an immense business grinding wheat and corn. The Gallego Mills were burned, and it may be a long time before they are rebuilt. In the meantime, the Hazlett-Crenshaw Mills are grinding up Virginia wheat for shipment to South America, and they are giving employment to hundreds of workmen who need the work in their business.

Mr. Davis, the late President of the Southern Confederacy and now a prisoner of state at Fortress Monroe, has been allowed to leave his casement cell and make daily walks within the fortress grounds. Of course, he does the walking under the eye of a heavy guard. Day before yesterday he walked out for the first time since his incarceration on the 21st of May last.

The military commission to try Captain Wirz has been announced, and consists of the following officers: Brigadier-General N. B. Underwood, president; Brigadier-General E. S. Bragg, Brigadier-General John T. Ballier, Lieutenant-Colonel T. A. Lile, Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Sibbs and Colonel Chipman, judge advocate. This commission will sit in a few days, and it is good-bye to Captain Wirz.

The Virginia and Tennessee Railroad has been opened to Bristol, and trains will move from Lynchburg to that point in fairly good time.

Queries and Answers

Song Wanted.

Will you publish the words to the song, "The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane?"
MISS N. H.

Will some reader kindly send copy?

Old Books.

Please give me the address of some dealer who will buy a quantity of old books.

We do not publish such addresses, but shall be glad to send what you desire on receipt of stamped envelope.

Heraldry.

Please advise me what is the best elementary work on heraldry.
R. L. HUNTER.
Probably Aveling's edition of "Boutell," published by Wynne in London and New York in 1858, and easily procurable from your bookseller. No one book would suffice to cover the subject, but this will give you as clear view of the underlying principles as any we know, and it is especially useful for the good judgment displayed in the selection of hundreds of subjects for the illustrations.

Association Books.

Please tell me exactly what is meant by the phrase, "Association books?"

Locally, it might mean almost anything. Years ago the names "Richmond Library Association," "Philadelphia Library Association," etc., were very common designations, and so many have survived that there must be scores in this country and in England, and hundreds if you include the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. might mean the books belonging to one of these associations. Generally, the term is used to designate books to which some "association" or having a letter with the author's autograph or a label of some person of distinction or his book label or book plate, etc., would be classed as an "association book." The fact that the term is no very happy one, and its use not especially necessary has little bearing on the facts. By this sort of elimination one might dispose of some two-thirds of the words in general use.

LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

[With thanks to the sender, we print below the verse asked for some days ago.]

With an engine that has no brakes,
We must make the run successful;
From the cradle to the grave;
Watch the curves, the hills, the tunnels;
Never falter, never quail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

You will roll up grades of trial,
You will cross the bridge of strife;
See that Christ is your conductor
In this life's hazardous drive;
Always mindful of obligation,
Do your duty, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

You will often find obstructions;
Look for storms of wind and rain;
On a fill, or curve, or trestle;
They will almost ditch your train;
Put your trust alone in Jesus;
Never hope to reach the goal;
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail.

As you roll across the trestle,
Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,
"Ye have been Dependent,"
Into which your train will glide;
There you'll meet the Superintendent,
God the Father, God the Son,
With the hearty, joyous plaudits,
"Weary pilgrim, welcome home."

THE OPEN DOOR

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



—From the Cleveland Leader.

"NO GENIUS IN THIS WAR"

(Stephen Phillips, in the London Daily Mail.)

At first sight it might appear somewhat of an irrelevance that one whose chief business in life has been to write poetic phrases should put forward any personal impression on the grim business of the present war. But I have been a lifelong student of military history, and especially of the strategy of the long struggle with Napoleon, so that an impression, which I put forward in all humility, may carry with it a certain interest. And this is the impression: that in the actual fighting forces of numbers of any towering, individual genius on either side.

I use the word apparent advisedly, for the simple reason that the chief operations in this war take place behind the scenes, and are calculated on a security of silence that for all one knows some really great and magnificent military feat may have been accomplished by "some one, somewhere." In any case, no such reflection can be made on the actual fighting forces of the English empire, for the obvious reason that they occupy a comparatively insignificant part of the great allied line, and their commanders can in no sense be given the credit of any initiative which are essential to any daring military coup. The fact, however, remains that after nearly a year of incessant fighting this huge business seems to have settled down into a mighty lockstep of mediocrity.

It will, of course, be answered that this is warfare entirely under new conditions; that those conditions are, the allies at any rate, only beginning to be faced with this, therefore all former standards and comparisons with the past are out of place. This is a war, it will be said, of underground trenchments, of munitions of chemical warfare, and affords no field, as in the past, for any outstanding individual initiative. But this reply is belied by the whole course of military history. It is, has been, and is a military genius, the prime business of a military genius is to create, in the face of new battle conditions, but at any rate, instantly to recognize and instantly adapt himself to those conditions, however novel, by which he is faced. To be faced, to recognize, and to adapt himself, he is by that very confession, no genius at all.

Some Historic Examples.
In ancient history the crossing of the Alps by Hannibal may be taken as an instance of entirely new and overwhelming obstacles being confronted and overthrown.

Again, in recent warfare the ability of Napoleon, so to maneuver from his base that he could strike at any moment at any point which he deemed vulnerable, created a new tradition in tactics.

The present war is undoubtedly the greatest war since the number of combatants engaged is concerned, but so

far as we are allowed to know, it is probably the dullest. No really decisive and permanent stroke evidently has been made at any point in any theater of the war. Possibly a conception may now be made in the case of General Botha's successful campaign in Africa.

At the outbreak of the war the Germans failed in their immediate objective. Is it too much to assume that this failure was in a great measure due to the lack of a commander of unhesitating insight and initiative? But on the other hand, this original failure was followed by no tremendous counterstroke on the part of the allies, but by a stubborn retreat of the Germans, ending in a state of endless trenchment, on the German side. It will hardly be denied, remain at the present moment in the western theater.

So in the east we were at first led to believe that the Russians were so victoriously advancing that it was merely a question with them by what time and by what route they should arrive in Berlin. At the present moment, so far from any great aggressive movement having succeeded, they are being steadily and consistently beaten back, and are themselves invaded, not invading.

It is possible, of course, that signal military ability has been displayed on the German side in this massive and tremendous offensive, but news now comes, once again bearing out my original thesis, that the Germans in their turn are now being held. In the German line, they are practically told that but a few miles separated us from a brilliant and overwhelming victory, but it is now found that the piercing of the Turkish defense, if not utterly impossible, is likely to assume the monotony of operations elsewhere.

The Fleet's Deadly Vigil.
By sea hitherto little conspicuous has been effected on either side, but it would be, of course, an impertinence to criticize the deadly vigil of our fleet. Harking back to my original contention of an apparent lack of any towering individuality in home affairs, in England, this is, perhaps, even more keenly obvious. A crisis like the present one, one that deals with the life or death of the nation, is usually been said that the greater opportunity finds the man. Surely a greater opportunity than this conflict affords has never been given in history.

I venture once more to assert that apparently no genius on the vast scale has yet emerged from this world-welter.

MME. DE WIART PLUCKY

(Arno Doeh, in the New York Sunday World.)

If the Pope, as reported, has secured the release from a German prison of Mme. Carton de Wiart, wife of the Belgian Minister of Justice, it is only a reasonable recognition of pluck. She remained all winter in her house in Brussels, literally surrounded by German soldiers, and refused to leave. It took a charge of corresponding with her husband in France to get rid of her. She bluffed the German army for many months.

Mme. Carton de Wiart's house is one of the line of official residences flanking the Parliament Building on the Rue de la Loi in Brussels, across the park from the royal palace. These houses have been occupied by the German Government officers—all except the house of the Minister of Justice. When the Germans came there and ordered the occupants out, Mme. Carton de Wiart refused to leave. She said there was only one way to make her go—to pick her up bodily and carry her out.

As she is a distinguished-looking woman, intellectual as well as handsome, the German officers balked at that, but she held the house with soldiers. The dining-room and reception halls were turned into barracks, and only one floor was left to her. On the new posts of the staircase leading to her floor a sign was posted forbidding the billeted soldiers to mount farther.

"The officers tried to convince me at first I did not need that sign," she told me. "They said: 'Our soldiers are good boys. They will not harm your young family.'"

"What did you say to that?" I asked. "I told them that might all be," she replied, "but some day there might be soldiers billeted there who were not inclined to be good boys, and before I could get them out it would be too late." "But how did they happen to let you stay?" I asked.

"It is my house," she replied. "My King gave it to me, and it is mine until he takes it away."

"Did you tell that to the Germans?" "Why, yes, of course," she said. "As the Rue de la Loi is reserved for the Germans, it takes considerable red tape to get to Mme. Carton de Wiart's house. The first time I met her we dined at the house of a mutual friend, and I took her home. We walked, of course. Every one walks in Brussels except the German officers, and they seem to be joy-riding most of the time. But when I reached the sentries I was not permitted to pass, and I had to stand and watch her go down the empty street alone to her home and mount the steps to her floor through the soldiers sleeping on straw on the floor. I had to get a pass in order to call on her, but it was well worth all the trouble. She looked so frail

among all the bulky German soldiers, but she came and went among them as if they were pieces of furniture. They watched her closely as she moved about the house, but she was always doing them there. The Germans usually been said that the greater opportunity finds the man. Surely a greater opportunity than this conflict affords has never been given in history.

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For Human Thoroughbreds

SAN FRANCISCO, July 28.—A registry for human thoroughbreds will be proposed at the Second National Conference on Race Betterment to be held at the exposition in connection with Race Betterment Week, August 4-8. Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, is author of the plan, which is endorsed by a number of prominent scientists.

A new species of man can be produced by selective mating in six generations. "A eugenics registry would undertake to register two classes of persons," Dr. Kellogg asserts. "First, those who are of high intelligence and family pedigree, are found to measure up to the eugenics standards. Second, the children born of parents whose pedigree and physical characteristics conform to the required standards. Such a registry would be the beginning of a new and glorified human race, which some time, far down in the future, will have so mastered the forces of nature that disease and degeneracy will have been eliminated. Hospitals and prisons will be no longer needed, and the golden age will have been restored as the crowning result of human achievement and obedience to biologic law."

Both Dr. Kellogg and Burbank will deliver addresses at the conference. Other speakers will be David Starr Jordan, Paul Popenoe, editor of the American Journal of Heredity; Edgar L. Hewett, United States Bureau of Ethnology, and others of national prominence. As a feature of the meeting will be demonstrated by a morality masque in which a large number of actors will take part.

Cold Storage for Bread.
(Minneapolis Dispatch to New York Sun.)

Cold storage bread is the latest innovation in the commissary department of the farm at the University of Minnesota. It has been found that bread placed in cold storage will keep entirely fresh for at least five days. As a result, the number of bakings at the institution has been materially reduced.